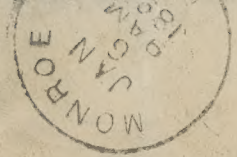
Mrs. Mary N. Maleer
of Rev. W. S. Wallser
Monroe
Georgia.


MONROE
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Dear Mother:

This is the first day of 1896 - the New Year. After some other imperative duties, I will try to write to you. I have just written a note to Mrs. Good, formerly a missionary in Africa, to go with a gift of a Sewing Machine from our Westminster ladies. She is trying to support herself by sewing She is frail and has a little son of eleven years to educate. We have gathered up some provisions for a poor married student who has a wife and three children - "on sick" with a fourth on the way. He has no visible means of support and hopes to get into the Ministry. He is unusually bright, and we have helped him from time to time. Last Summer when I was in Wilkinsburg I spoke of the bare walls of the boys' sitting room in the Livingston home just opposite me. After I left two of the ladies sent me $5.00 to get a picture. Mary got it in New York and sent me a beautiful Copy of "Christ among the Doctors" (by Hoffman) I had it framed and last evening took it over and made a little talk to the boys about it. Did you ever think what Christ was talking about to these Doctors? You remember it was at the feast of the Passover - and I have no doubt he was explaining to them the true nature of the Passover - its Spiritual meaning. The picture is a very beautiful one and suggests much for you to think about. Monday of this week I gone to helping get things ready for the new Dormitory building for our Young ladies - also part of yesterday.

Agnes was home for her vacation and we gave her & Samuel

a little party. She has improved in every way and I really enjoyed her visit. She left at noon today. We had all of Harries up on Christmas. John came, as he advance about ten o'clock with a basket full of nice x mas things. -two turkeys and a horse. After showing them all we silently arranged them on the dining room table then sat down and silently contemplated them. Dr. K. got him and Mary a new, large sled. They had a little one. I gave them each a book. They did not get as much this year as last, but they had abundance and were very happy. We had a thoroughly pleasant day. On Saturday, Harrie and Elizabeth went to his fathers in East Liverpool.

Thursday Jan. 2nd I will try to finish this, this morning as I am expecting Janet and the little Margaret to-morrow and then letter writing will not find any place, I fear.

You ask me to tell you about Mary and John. First I am interrupted I will do this first. I probably told you that they come up to see me every Sabbath afternoon. They come at three and go at five. Last Sabbath Dr. K. went down for them when they were alone. I asked Mary what I should tell Grandma Archer for her. She at once replied: "Tell her papa has gone off to Grandma Gastons and left us all alone with one girl." John quickly added- "but tell her were getting on all right. Elizabeth is is good, and we aint doing nothing ever mama told us not to."

Mary never seems to listen to what I'm telling them, and when I ask her about it afterwards - says "I dont know." We bobbed before Christmas, after having told her something over and over - and the

did not remember anything about it. I told John to tell his papa he should buy Mary a thimble for his Christmas gift. She was quiet quite awhile - and then broke out - "But I won't let papa open my head to put a thimble in!" I just replied - well, will have to get it in somehow.

By and by she did remember something - and quickly exclaimed - "Here, Aunt Jennie, you see I have a thimble, I was just making a joke on you." The little lady had taken up this fun and was trying to find a way of escape from having a thimble put in - which was all her own idea, I showed she had done some thinking about it. After she went home - I think it was the next morning - she took her mother by the hand and led her away out to the out kitchen very seriously and there, in low earnest tones said - Mama I don't have to have a thimble - do I? "A thimble!" her mother exclaimed - "why child what do you mean?" "Why, Mama, Aunt Jennie told John to tell papa he would have to buy me a thimble for Xmas and I don't want one - I'm not going to have my head opened and a thimble put in." I do not know what her mother told her but she quieted her fears. Last Sabbath when she came she told me she had a thimble - I was mistaken. I told her that the trouble must then be she did not use it. Yes, she replied, that was the trouble - she was quite willing to admit that. By and by I was telling them a thrilling rat story. Part of it was that two little girls had been told by their mother they must not go out of the house when she was away as there was a big cat around the corner that would catch them.

And this the story ran, as I enlarged upon it. "The little rats talked the matter over after their mother was gone. Concluded they had never seen a Cat's aroma, and they did not believe there was any there - their mother had just told them this to frighten them and they were going out to play. So they went, and after playing awhile one said to the other - Now, you see, there's no Cat about." "No, said the other, I know there wasn't - just then the old Cat sprang around the corner and before they knew when they were they were swallowed. Here Mary jumped up, with her eyes rolled to the ceiling - "Aunt Jennie! don't you reckon the Cat heard them talking and that's the way she knew they were there?" "Yes, Mary, that must have been the way, and now I know you have a thinker and can use it." Her eyes snapped with delight as she exclaimed - "Then John, I have a thinker I have a thinker". Such things are indicative of the difference between John & Mary. John could tell the story over just as I told it even to the jestures - Mary cannot - but John would never have thought of this, or reasoned out in his mind that the Cat, being around the corner, could not see - and so must have heard, the little rats. After all. I am convinced that as Mary grows older she will reason better and think more deeply than John. Just now it is memory only. This was his version of the story of David and Goliath. Drawing a deep breath, and straightening himself - "Well, Goliath was a Philistine! David was an Israelite! When Goliah saw David coming (Goliah was a giant) he said - "ha, I can easy kill you!" But David answered - Never mind, I'll show you a trick or two, and he up with his little slingen and hit him.

Square in the eye. At the close of this grandiloquence I asked - "And what did David do next?" "He went and sat down and cut Goliah's head off!" If Mary had had the story in her mind as John had, she would have thought far enough to see that when Goliah was a big man, and David a little one - David could not sit down and cut his head off. This makes plain the difference in their minds. John simply repeats and does not see inconsistencies. Mary thinks as she goes along, whether things fit together.

I suppose Harrie and Elizabeth are home but I have not seen or heard. School opens yesterday. Dr. Hills made the opening address on Oxford and Cambridge. He looks well. Now we start on the long Trinity Term. Dr. K. is not well. He has been overworking and has employed Prof. Black to do part of his work for awhile. I am a good deal worn out just now, but am getting on quite fairly well. I have such a comfortable girl. I feel so thankful for this.

I am sad at heart over Julia, but we must hope for the best. Many times, when even malignant tumors are removed, they do not return. Of this we can be sure. Julia is the Lord's own, and He will not lay upon her anything he will not give her strength to bear. It is such a good thing Maggie Grier is with her to care for her and be a comfort. Maggie is very kind and so fond of both Calvin & Julia. Dear Mother, we must leave them with the Lord to whose service they have given their lives, and rest our hearts in the full assurance that whatever comes to them will but better fit them for the home that is not far ahead of any of us.

Yes, the Lord was good to you and to us all in making it possible for Ellen to be with you this Winter. Dear Ellen what an Angel of Consolation she has been - her whole life a Mission. I am glad the little Eunice is well, you & sweet Little Bettie is a Mind of Sphinx - You cannot make her out. Though John says she gets on a good deal of Spunk sometimes. She can take her own part with any of them. If let alone she is peaceable, if interfered with, decidedly pugnacious. I wonder how she and Margaret will look at each other. Bettie is slow and steady - Margaret quick as a flash.

Mrs Louis McClellan asks for you and always expresses regret that she failed to see you. She has not been well for some time. Mrs. Stoddard is well. Mrs. Devol much better this Winter than last. Mrs Leonard is leaving the lower house. - You may remember her as a friend of Lulus - and Mahon of the Lewis. Her ideas were too Puritanic for those indulged and pampered children. Mrs. Linn was too motherly and easily indulgent Mrs. Brown too much of a Lady - Mrs Leonard too strict in her ideas - wanted the small boys to go to bed at a regular and reasonable hour - wanted cold dinners on Sunday &c. She was crisp as a November morning - and when her post Came down it was there to stay. I cannot think of anything more to interest you and so think of lots of things I should be doing.

You ask about Mrs. Foster's "floating Kidney." Harris says two things can be done - one is to tie it down in its place, the other to take it out. Capt Rankin's daughter had one removed - and quite recovered - is well and working hard. With much love for all - Hope

You received the Coop. I sent? Quite a difference in the price - I only a pound.